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THE FIRST MAYFLOWERS.

The blustering, shrieking, scolding March
Went bowling down Time's devious way;
And April, winsome, bright and arch,
Just glancing back at sunny May,
Stepped on the scene, but quite lost heart
In looking at the drifts of snow
That March had left, in manner tart,
In nooks where violets ought to grow.

But, oh the sanguine, sturdy maid!
What though the spiteful March left traps
To sicken her with dire mishaps?
To Plymouth's winds, all unafraid,
With foot-steps fleet she quickly aped,
And ere the tears had dried she shed,
The pink arbutus, shy and sweet,
Awakened by her tripping feet,

And catching sight, mid leaves and snow,
Of here and there a pink-tinged toe,
Took them for blossoms out ere they,
And quick themselves in spring array
They dressed, when, lo! they stood alone,
And looked at footprints whence had flown
The tinted toes that had beguiled
Them from their sleep ere Spring had smiled.

A Night of Terror.

BY SADIE E. ARONS.

Birdie Clifton was a very handsome girl of eighteen years, whose light golden curls, large, expressive eyes, of deep blue, and a complexion of exquisite faireess, added to a form of matchless grace, made her quite a belle in the small town of Riverton.

Her father's only child, petted and caressed by him, all her wants instantanily obeyed, what wonder Birdie was as spoiled a girl as could be found in that part of the country.

The coming spring she was to have married a good man, who was in every way worthy of her; but angry words were spoken, which separated those two who loved each other so well.—She was too proud to acknowlege herself in the wrong, while he was only waiting for a summons that would bring him to her side once more.

"Clide Hall had no reason to get angry and scold me, just because I waltzed twice with Frank Vamburg," and she would silence her conscience by believing herself greatly abused.

All this time Frank kept by her side, paying her every particular attention, accomyanping her to all places ofamusement, her constant companion, to whom she was very gracious in public, but cuttingly cool when in the privacy of her own home.

Rumors were whispered about that Birdie Clifton and Frank Vamburg were to be married soon, and when it reached Clide Hall, he smiled in very bitterness of spirit.

"Birdie," said her father, one day, when matters had been progressing in this way for a month or more, "Birdie I do not like that Vamburg. I have tried to find out something of his former whereabouts, but no one seems to know anything concerning him. I have even asked Clide who was his bosom friend, you know, but he cannot tell me anything of him, except what little is known at his hotel. Clide says—"

"There, papa, don't tell me what Clide says, for I could almost despise a man who would defame an innocent man's character. I really did not think Mr. Hall wold stoop to do anything so mean."

"But, my dear, Clide—"

"I do not want to hear of Clide," she again interrupted, almost angrily, "I will not hear Frank wrongfully abused, although I do not care for him in the least," and with a kiss she silenced her father for the time being.—She closed her ears to the slightest whisper that would breathe suspicion on Frank's character, attributing all rumors to Clide's hateful, jealous nature; and the result was that poor abused Frank was pitied the more, while Clide received the coolest kind of a recognition when they would chance to meet.

But all things must have an end; so did Birdie's intimacy with Frank Vamburg, in a way she never forgot as long as she lived.

They had just returned from a ride by the seashora, when Mr. Clifton came hurriedly towards them just as they had reached the gate.

"I am very glad you have come, Birdie," he said, as Frank assisted her to alight. "I have been waiting for you for over an hour."

"What for, papa?" Birdie shook out the folds of her rich cashmere dress, as she asked the question.

"I have just received a telegram from your Aunt Amelia, and I must go to her immediately, as she is very ill. You will not be afraid to stay without me, as I do not think I can be back until to-morrow after-noon, but James and Mollie will be with you."

"Why, Papa, what should I be afraid of? I am sure no one will steal me?"

"I don't know about that," with a lowering glance at Frank, who stood leaning against the gate. "I am a little uneasy, as I had to place some money I received to-day in the safe in the sittingroom. It came too late to deposit in the bank. You will be sure to tell James to be careful in locking the doors, and windows, and then,—But I declare I have only a few moments left to catch the train.—Good-bye, Birdie, take good care of yourself," and with a hurried kise, and a distant bow to Frank, he was driven rapidly off.

"How worried dear papa looks.—Come in Frank. I forgot to ask you before, as I was receiving orders you know."

"I cannot this evening, but I want you to make me a promise. Is it granted?"

"That depends. I never rush blindly into danger. Suppose you tell me what you wish me to grant?"

"Will you take a sail on the lake tomorrow evening?"

"If auntie is better I certainly will, for I love to go boat-riding. Den'tyou think it is getting chilly? I think you had better come in-doors."

"Atumn winds, you know, bring a chilly breeze. I cannot accept your kind invitation, as I have an engagement, for which I am very sorry, as I should like very much to spend an evening in your charming society.—But I will see you tomorrow, so au revoir." And with a polite bow, he sprang into an elegant box-buggy, and was out out of sight in a few moments.

"O, dear," she soliloquized, as she slowly wended her way toward the house, "I wish that was Clide, instead of Frank. Not because I care for Clide, but I used to have to coax him whenever I wante him to do anything for me he did not wish to do, and I cannot Frank, somehow; although Frank would not censure me, as Clide has done. Frank is real nice, in spite of what every one tries to say against him." And with that consolation she entered the parlor and amused herself at the piano until ten o'clock, when she thought she would retire.

How long she had slept she had no idea of, but she awoke with a start, and sat bolt upright in bed, as wide-awake as though it were broad daylight.

The night wind whistled drearily through the open window, while the ticking of the little gilt clock on the marble mantle seemed to buzz in her ears urging her in an unaccountable manner, to arrise.

She lay perfectly still for a few moments trying to sleep again, but sleep had fled, and with a low laugh at her own foolish imagination, she threw on a wrapper and opened the door of her room but hesitated after reaching the hall, for the night was already far advanced, the clock having struck three.

Still that irresistible longing to go possessed her, a feeling it was impossible to define, and gliding down-stairs with noisless steps, she paused on reaching the sitting-room door to assure herself.

The door was half open, as she remembered having left it on retiring, the light burned low, the windows were shut, all seemed quiet and undisturbed, but a feeling of dread crept over her as she entered the room, for the thought of the money her father had placed there suddenly flashed across her memory.

She would call James. But no.—He might say she was hysterical or superstitious; and above all else she detested a nervous woman. How foolish of her to have come down-stairs. She would go right back to her room again immediately.

Arriving at that conclusion, she turned to leave the room, but in so doing her eyes chanced to rest on the little safe in the opposite corner of room. Her heart almost ceased to beat for there on his knees she saw the figure of a man.

His face was bent over the instrumedt he was using to pry open the lock, and by his side on the floor lay a revolver.

She watched himopen the safe, and draw from it the box containing the money. Too stunned to cry for help, she shivered as if struck with the ague, while great drops of perspiration rolled down her flushed face. O, the agony she suffered, standing there unable to move hand or foot, fairly stupefied with fright. She felt her senses leaving her as the man turned his head to reach for some instrument he needed.

Had a thunderbolt struck the house, or a bombshell exploded at her feet, she could not have flown any faster across the room then at that moment; for, in turning his head, she had recognized the burglar.

With one bound she roached his side, and pale as death, her hand grasping his shoulder, she stood over him. From his face, too, all color suddenly fled. It was Frank Vamburg. His face was white with detected guilt; hers pale with terror and grief, not understanding or believing her own sensas.

Then she spoke, her voice clear and firm excessive fear adding energy to her failing strength.

"What are you doing here at this time of the night, Frank Vamburg?"

"Detected! was all the answer his white lips could frame.

Birdie felt her strength deserting her, but rallying again with an effort, she said hurriedly. "Set down that box of money, and leave this house instantly, as you value you your life."

With a quick movement she reached down and grasped the revolver, pointing it towarp him.

He heard the click of the trigger as she drew it back, and fearing she was about to fire, he struck the weapon to one side, causing it to go off, the ball lodging in her arm.

"You have killed me," She grasped, "James—Mollie, she called faintly then a giddiness came over her; a sudden dimness hid the surrounding objects from view; a feeling of deadly sickness caused her to reel backwards, and with a shriek fall heavily to the floor.

Weeks of sickness followed, and in her delirum she rehearsed over and over again her encounter with Frank Vamburg, and of the fear that possessed her while standing so bravely before him.

Assiduous search failed to find the slightest trace of Frank, as he had escaped almost before the insensible form of Birdie was discovered, and it was at last given up, the sharpest detectives failing to find any clue to his whereabouts.

Many days passed before the recollection of that night faded from Birdie's memory—many days before she could bear to be left alone in the evening without a chill creeping over her. But still she is happy now, for Clide is by her side to protect her, and he laughingly asserts it was that night of terror that gained for him his precious little wife.

Captain Burnaby at the Seat of War.

Captain Burnaby arrived in London on April 17th, after a most interesting tour in Asia Minor. An account of his travels from Scutari to Angora and Erzingan and then by the Euphrates to Erzerum, where he inspected the fortifications is just published. He then proceeded to Bayazid, a Turkish fortress on the right of their strategic line of defense. This stronghold is distant about three hours' march from Persia and twelve hours' from Erivan. At this place he found it was simply impossible to get over the mountains to Van, owing to the heavy snows, and he, therefore, determined to return to Persia, and visit Hoy, where he stayed some days. Here he ascertained that the Persians were busily engaged in preparing a camp for ten thousand men, and they openly declared their intention to join Russia in the event of a war between that Power and Turkey. From Hoy he rode through the Koloo Pass to Van, the capital of Armenia. From Van he had an exceedingly rough march over mountains covered with snow to Kars. He remained in this city, so celebrated for its stubborn defense against the Russians in the last war, several days, and visited all the forts. The Turks were actively employed in preparing for the enemy, who they believed would soon appear before it. After leaving Kars he continued his march to Ardahan, another Turkish frontier fort half way between Kars and Batoum. His next point was Liwana, and having disposed of his horses he went down the Tchoorook River to Batoum. In this town the inhabitants believed the Russians would soon assail them from Poti; but they shared the feeling which was general throughout the districts he had already visited, and there was great enthusiasm for war. Trebizond was the next important place he arrived at, and here the intrepid traveler was fortunate enough to catch a French vessel which went straight to Constantinople, During the greater part of his tour he had to traverse difficult country, in which very frequently there was no road at all, or merely a pretense to one, in thick layers of mud. He says that there is nothing to prevent the general commanding the Czar's forces from taking Batoum on the land side, and thus secure an additional port in the Black Sea. Having possession of Erzerum and Van, it would be easy for Russia to advanee to Trebizond, and a good road exists between Erzerom and Trebizond—it is indeed, almost the only road in Anatolia.

Our Palace Car.

The most wonderful palace car that was ever built is this orb on which we live. Large enough to hold the human family, its resources are, with proper care and effort on the part of the passengers, sufficient to sustain them all comfortably, with a great deal to spare. It supplies its own fuel and makes its own time. Its speed is about 68,000 miles per hour, yet so accurately does it move that those who have well studied its movements can tell a fraction in what part of its air-line track it will be on any future day. With good field-glasses, other palace cars, equal in beauty and grandeur to this, can easily be seen flying along the highways of space, yet none of these are ever known to come in collision. Unconsciously, to the passengers, gravitation tends greatly to keep the passengers in their places; but *who* or *what* controls gravitation? This magnificent palace car has the heavens for its roof, Vesuvius and Etna for its chimneys, seas and oceans for its water-tanks, natural scenery sufficient to charm the eye and feast the soul with combinations of beauty and sublimity. The only depot or stopping-place is at the gates of Death, where all must leave, whether pleased with the jonrney or not. Thus we are swiftly borne on from birth to death on this wonderful line of travel, and at the terminus commissioned authorities of a higher order are expected to receive and conduct us all to a higher destiny and a better life than this.

The Oldest Pieces of Iron.

The oldest pieces of iron (wrought iron) now known are probably the sickle blade found by Belzoni under the base of sphynx in Karnac, near Thebes; the blade found by Colonel Vyse, imbedded in the masonry of the Great Pyramid; the portion of the cross-cut saw exhumed at Nimroud by Mr. Layard—all of which are now in the British Museum. A wrought bar of Damascus steel was presented by King Porus to Alexander the Great; and the razor steel of China for many centuries has surpassed all European steel in temper and durability of edge. The Hindoos appear to have made wrought iron directly from the ore, without passing through the furnace, from time immemorial; and elaborately wrought masses of iron are still found in India which date back from the earliest centuries of the Christian era.

—From December 11, 1869, to March 31 last, the names of over 200,000 persons were placed on the register of habitual criminals in England and Wales.

Edmund Kean.—His First Appearance on the London Stage.

A dispute arose as to the opening part. Arnold wanted Richard, but Kean knew the disadvantages his small figure would be at, when compared with the majestic Kemble, and answered, "Shylock or nothing." There was marvellous resoluteness in this determination, considering all he had passed through, which was sufficient to crush the strongest spirit. But it succeeded, and the 26th of January, 1814, was decided for his appearance. One rehearsal only was vouchsafed him, and that was hurried and careless. The actors sneered at his figure, at his shabby coat with the capes, at his business, declared it would not do and prophesied certain failure. He went home. "I must dine to-day," he said; and for the first time in many days indulged in the luxury of meat. Then all he had to do was to wait as patiently as he could for the night. "My God!" he exclaimed; "if I succeed I shall go mad." As the church clocks were striking six he sallied from his lodgings in Cecil street. His parting words to his wife were, "I wish I was going to be shot!" In his hand he carried a small bundle, containing shoes, stockings, wig and other trifles of costume. The night was very cold and foggy; there had been a heavy snow and a thaw had set in; the streets were almost impassible with slush, which penetrated through his worn boots and chilled him to the bone. He darted quickly through the stage door, wishing to escape all notice, and repaired to his dressing room.

There the feelings of the actors were shocked by another innovation; he was actually going to play Shylock in a black wig instead of the traditonal red one. They smiled among themselves, shrugged their shoulders, but made no remark; such a man was beyond remonstrance—besides, what did it matter? He would never be allowed to appear a second time. Jack Bannister and Oxberry were the only ones who offered him a friendly word. When the curtain rose the house was miserably bad, but by and by the overflow of Covent Garden, which was doing well at that time, began to drop in and make up a tolerable audience. His reception was encouraging. At his first words, "Three thousand ducats—well!" Dr. Drury, who was in front, pronounced him "safe." At "I will be assured, I say," there was a burst of applause, and at the speech ending with "And for these courtesies I'll lend you this much money" the sounds of approbation were very strong. Even as the curtain fell upon the first act success was almost insured, and already the actors who had treated him so supercilliously began to gather around with congratulations. But he shrank from them and wandered about in the darkness at the back of the stage.

The great triumph was reserved for his scene with Salanio and Salarino in the third act, where the flight of Jessica with a Christian is told him. There so terrible was his energy, so magnificent his acting, that a whirlwind of applause shook the house. Then came the trial scene, grander still in its complex emotions and its larger scope for great powers, and all was so novel, so strange, so opposed to old traditions. When the curtain finally fell upon the wild enthusiasm of the audience, the stage-manager, who had snubbed him, offered him oranges. Arnold, who had bullied and "Young man'd" him, brought him negus. Drunk with delight, he rushed home, and, with half frenzied incoherency, he poured out the story of his triumph. "The pit rose at me!" he cried. "Mary, you shall ride in your carriage yet! Charles," lifting the child from his bed, "shall go to Eton!" Then his voice faltered, and he murmured, "If Howard had but lived to see it." The "Merchant of Venice" was played several nights in succession, and the receipts rose from £100 to £600.

His next part was Richard—the second part is always the touchstone of an actor's success; here he entered the lists with Cook and Kemble, and memories of Garrick's splendid performances had not yet died out among old playgoers. In Shylock his small stature mattered little, but in Richard that disadvantage would be glaringly perceptible; he approached the part with fear and trembling. "I'm so frightened," he said before the curtain rose, "that my acting will be almost a dumb show to-night." But nevertheless he took both audience and critics by storm. Cooke, the great Richard of the day, was said to be left behind at an immeasurable distance; no such performance had been seen since the days of Garrick. But the terrible excitement he had undergone laid him up for a week. Actors now boast of playing this arduous part nearly a hundred successive nights; as they play it there is nothing wonderful in the feat, and then they have no inconvenient modesty to exhaust their energies. On the day of the second performance of this character the doors were besieged soon after noon, and at night hundreds were unable to gain admission. He made Cibber's melodramatic hero his own, but it died in him, for the wretched attempts of his successor cannot galvanize that desecration of Shakespeare into life again. The beauties of this performance are said to be so marvellous that a glance, the pronouncing of such common phrazes as "Good night, my lords," brought down thunders of applause.

His next character was Hamlet which, although full of fine points, and the one he said, to which he devoted the deepest study, did not equal his previous successes. Othello and Iago, played alternately, were his next triumphs. When the season closed he had performed Shylock fifteen times, Richard twenty-five, Hamlet eight, Othello ten, Iago eight, and Luke ("Riches," Massinger's "City Madam" altered) four. Of these seventy nights the profits were fully seventeen thousand pounds. Previously there had been one hundred and thirty-seven nights of continuous loss. In the second season he played Macbeth, another grand performance, Romeo, which was said to revive the glories of "silver-tongued Barry." But the triumph of the season was Zanga, in Young's "Revenge." As one who stood among the crowd in the pit passage heard a shout and clamor of approbation within he asked if Zanga had just said, "Then lose her!" for that phrase, when uttered by Kean in the country, used to make the walls shake, and he was answered that it was so. Southey and a friend went to see him in this play. When Zanga, having consummated his vengeance and uttered the words "Know then, 'twas I!" raised his arms over the fainting Alonzo, his attitude, the expression of his features was so terrible, so appalling, that Southey exclaimed, "He looks like Michael Angelo's rebellious archangel." "He looks like the arch fiend himself," said the other.

How Pebble Jewelry is Made.

The gold used by the jewellers is always alloyed with certain proportions of pure silver and the finest copper, according to the quality desired. The jeweller melts his metals in a crucible and casts them nto ingots about two inches broad, three inches long, and one-eighth of an inch thick. The ingots are reduced to any degree of thinness by being passed between steel rollers. The sheets or plates of metal thus produced are intrusted to a workman, who guided by drawings or models, clips out the pieces required for the various articles to be made. The pieces are given, along with the designs, to other workmen, who put them together. These men are seated at large tables round the sides of which are a series of semicircular recesses being occupied by a workman. After the pieces are brought to the exact size required, they are soldered together by means of a blow pipe. Articles of an ornate character, such as brooches and bracelets covered with designs in filigree work or inlaid with pebbles, require great nicety of manipulation, and the number of parts which go to compose some of them is immense. Pebble bracelets of a finely worked geometrical pattern are made in which there are no fewer than 160 pieces of stone. In making an article which is to be inlaid with pebbles, the jeweller forms a back or foundation, to which a plate pierced with apertures for the pebbles is fixed, a convenient space being left between the two plates. At this stage the work is passed to the lapidary, who cuts and fixes the pebbles. The stones are first cut with a revolving disk of iron charged with diamond dust and oil and roughly shaped with a pair of pincers. Each piece is then taken in succession and attached to a "cement stick"—a small piece of wood with a quantity of strong cement on one end. Held in that way the stone is ground to the required shape on a revolving disk of lead charged with emery and water. When all the pieces are brought to the shape of the apertures designed for them they are set in shellac. The outer surface has up to this time been left rough but after the cement has hardened the lapidary takes the brooch in his hand and manipulates it on the grinding disk until the stone is reduced to the level of the metal which surrounds it. The surface is next polished on a disk of tin charged with rotten stone and water and the brooch is returned to the jeweller. Usually pebble brooches have in the centre a "cairngorm," or what is supposed to be one. The cairngorms are not "set" until the work on the other part of the brooch is all but completed. The exposed surface of metal on the face of the brooch is usually relieved by engraved scroll-work. Enamelled jewelry has recently come into fashion to some extent, and fine specimens have been produced, the Runic patterns especially being very pretty.—*London Trade Journal.*

After Dinner Naps.

No wonder if half the world knows qow pleasant it is to take an after dinner nap, and what a relief it is to the overburdened brain—or stomach. We used to know a lawyer who took his nap every day after dinner on the chairs; and that lawyer, if he continues the practice, will die an old man. If there is any one time when a man is forced to exert himself—whether in muscular or brain labor—to work, it is after the noonday meal. If all men could only rest, not one hour, but two hours, and could put the extra time on the closing hours of the day, what an improvement would be made in their health! Whether he be a farmer, or mechanic or a professional man, a good rest after dinner leaves the man in a better condition for hard labor than even in the morning. It was a sensible farmer who, in harvest, always made an agreement with his workmen to work ten hours a day; and from twelve o'clock no work was done unless in case of emergency, or something that required extra exertion. The men had glorious times sleeping under trees after dinner. They always used up three quarters of an hour at the table, and then slept one hour and a quarter during the heat of the day. The result was, they were never over-worked, and the former got more labor from his men than did any of his neighbors from theirs, though their men often worked twelve hours a day. When two o'clock came the hands were all in good trim, completely rested, and could do double the work with more ease than if they had commenced at one o'clock. A single hour's rest at the proper time works wonders.

—The London *Times* during the last six months, has gradually reduced the weight of its white paper, and thereby effected a saving of $50,000.

Spontaneous Motion in Plants.

If children, monkeys and opossums climb trees and suspend themselves in the air from limbs in various ways, so do climbing plants. The curious and interesting movements of this class of plants have been investgated by Palm Mohl, Dr. Gray, Darwin and others. It is well known that the hop, honeysuckle, convolvulus, etc., always twine around the stem that supports them in one direction; that is always from right to left or from left to right; but few have attempted to observe by what process the ends of the growing shot contrive to change from one side to the other of the central support. If the extremity of a living climber, say of convolvulus, growing perfectly free and in a normal position, be observed, it is seen to hang over from its support in a horizontal position, and this horizontal position, if observed from hour to hour, is seen to point to different directions. The end of the growing shoot revolves in a large circle round the support, always with the same species in the same direction, either with or against the sun.

In warm weather this large circle of the terminal bud in the air is made in much less time than in cool weather. The rate of the revolution varies in different plants, and with the same plant at different periods of its growth. With the hop Darwin found the revolution to vary from two and a half hours to nine hours. The apparent object of climbing plants is to obtain more light, and a place where leaf and fruit may develop in the presence of a free circulation of air, numerous leaves imbibing much nutriment from the atmosphere. When a hop or Lima bean has climbed to the top of its pole, and has a half yard of stem over, by what vital physical force does it make this curious circle of about a yard in diameter (eighteen inches from the top of the pole each way) in search of some new support? If the bean had instinct or reason could it do more to find what it most needed? The late eminent physiologist, Mohl, supposed this phenomenon was caused by a dull irritability in the stem, exciting a movement in one direction till a circle in the air was formed.

Darwin tested this theory experimentally, but found no such irritability. Our limited space does not permit us to follow the experiments of this naturalist. He found that when a climbing plant first springs from the ground, the extremity of the shoot performs slow gyrations in the air, as if it were searching a support. By what force do the roots of plants *search* for water and other aliment, and their moving stems above ground *hunt* for stakes and trees to uphold them in rich currents of atmospheric food?

The spontaneous movement of tendrils in the grape vine, passion flower and Virginia creeper are, if possible, still more surprising. Touch the tendril and you may develop at once its curling movement. In a few hours it uncurls itself as if the hint and effort to catch a support were a mistake. Farmers should know that living growing plants, not less than all animals, man included, make mistakes. We live in a world of mistakes.

A tendril rarely twines itself round another tendril, although nothing is more convenient or more in its way. What is the full meaning of this power of selecting and discrimination?

Our cultivated plants and fruits not only *select* their daily food in the soil and in the atmosphere, but select in some degree their associates. Plants, as a general truth, but with many exceptions, are social beings.—*Ex.*

Ear-Rings of Cochin China Girls.

Correspondence Boston *Commercial Bulletin*: But human nature is weak, especially feminine human nature, in the adornment question, and vanity runs to the ears of the Cochin girls. Their ear-rings are wonderful to behold. They can't, indeed, be rightly called ear rings. They are more like the bungs of a hogshead. At the tenderest years the little chilldren have great gashes cut in the lobes of their ears and tortoise-shell plugs inserted to stretch them, and as they grow older these plugs are enlarged, till, at maturity, they appear with things like snuff boxes, the size of a moderate pair of flats, almost always of tortoise shell, sometimes of ivory, plain for every day wear, but for grand occasions elaborately inlaid with gold and silver, and on very grand occasions the ear-plugs are of solid gold, weighing a pound or more apiece, and carved in the most distracting way. I think I've remarked before that the Cochin jewellers are greatly skilled in their trade, especially *repousse* work, which is now getting so fashionable here, and they expend their very best energies on the ear-rings for the Cochin belles. It is wonderful how they work, with tiny forges and tiny blow-pipes blown by tiny boys, enormous horn goggles and little hammers and dammer, or soft composition, to form a basis for their punching operation, and the purest gold and silver, and little bellows worked by their toes. Fingers, toes, nose and eyes snap and glint as they rapidly ply their task. Four annas, or 12 cents, which is the regular coolie or day's wages for these hereditary skilled mechanics (from this coolie, or day's hire, comes the term "coolies," for day laborers so hired) seems a trifling sum, indeed, for the fairy-like results of their artistic labor.

X CHANGE—Small bills for ten.

The Marshal de Richelieu.

Taine, in his "Ancien Regime," makes frequent allusions to the Marshal de Richelieu, who, indeed, in any study of the eighteenth century—so fully does he personify it—can scarcely be ignored. One of the least balanced and most notorious characters in French history, he played, without any extraordinary ability, so prominent a part in important events that it is impossible to separate them from him, or him from them. He was a man particularly qualified to confound moral theories, and to italicize the most ironical passages in the interminable volumes of Fortune. Possessed of unquestionable talent for many things, and garnished with a number of showy virtues, he seems to have rejoiced in abusing the one and contradicting the other. Looked at from one side, he was a fearless soldier, a clever statesman, a generous friend, an accomplished gentleman, a brilliant wit; looked at from the other side, he was a skulking fellow, a political blunderer, an embodiment of perfidy, a heartless profligate, a trifling egotist. All opposites appear to have centred in him. Hero and knave, leader and fawner, inspirer and betrayer, prince and pander, academician and ignoramus, he was a glittering ambiguity whose acts contravened his words, and whose words misinterpreted his acts. Certain parts of his life read like Bourdaloue, Pascal, or Bossuet; certain other parts like the poems of Dorat, the romances of Laclos, or the fables of Grecourt.

From the very first, Richelieu's career was a splended satire on the fitness of things—a remarkable violation of all rational probabilities. Where he succeeded, he should have failed; where he failed, he should have succeeded. He seems not to have paid the penalty usually exacted by offended Nature or outraged Justice. His days flowed on as smoothly and shiningly when he was guilty of baseness and supreme turpitude, as when he crowned himself with laurels, and merited, in this or that instance, genuine esteem. Fortune clung to and caressed him when he had forfeited every right to her favor. No wonder he spoke of her as a woman who, having loved him once, loved him still, and whose devotion he could not tire by continued disloyalty and shameful misbehavior. He literally received according to his undeserving. His career, a varied and pictorial record of happy accidents and inverted ethics, arrests attention by its memorable peculiarity and its representative character. He belonged essentially to his age, and his age belonged essentially to him; they informed and moulded one another. He expressed the elegant frivollty of his time, its fondness for intrigue, its unscrupulous gallantry, its mocking temper its unflagging gayety, its moral skepticicism, and all the polished and perfumed dissipation which enabled it, by the last refining upon social art, to restrain if not to subjugate the natural instincts.—*Appleton's Journal.*

How to Obtain High Health

Walker, in his "Original," lays down the following rules for attaining high health. They are worth remembering:

"First.—Study to acquire a composure of mind and body. Avoid agitation or hurry of one or the other, especially just before and after meals, and whilst the process of digestion is going on. To this end, govern your temper, endeavor to look on the bright side of things, keep down, as much as possible, the unruly passions; discard malice, envy and hatred, and lay your head upon your pillow in charity with all mankind. Let not your wants outrun your means. Whatever difficulties you have to encounter, be not perplexed, but only think what is right to do in the sight of Him who seeth all things, and bear without repining the result. When your meals are solitary let your thoughts be cheerful; when you are social, which is better, avoid disputes or serious arguments on unpleasant topics. "Unquiet meals," says Shakespeare, "make ill digestions," and the contrary is produced by easy conversation, a pleasant subject, welcome news, or a lively companion. I advise wives not to entertain their husbands with domestic grievances about children or servants, not to ask for money, nor produce unpaid bills, nor propound unreasonable questions; and I advise husbands to keep the cares and vexations of the world to themselves, and to be communicative of whatever is comforting, and cheerful and amusing.

What Ailed His Hair.

One day last week, says Prof. A. E. Macdonald lectured on "Chronic Mania" before the medical students of New York University, and brought from the City Hospital for the Insane, of which he is Medical Superintendent some of the patients to illustrate his theme. One he had specially selected, in order to show the class that in subjects of chronic mania the hair is stiff and bristly; but, to his great astonishment, when he uncovered the patient's head, the poor fellow's hair was just as sleek and smooth as his own. "Why, my man," he exclaimed, "what have you been doing to your hair?" "Well, you see, doctor," was the reply, "they put too much butter on my bread this morning, and I thought it was a shame to waste it, so I rubbed it in my hair."

—The most Northerly telegraph station in the world has just been set up at a Norwegian fishing station named Gjesvor, a little above the 71st parallel of North latitude.